# The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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## Poetry.

### REGRET.

Softly Death touched her, and she passed away
Out of this glad, bright world she made more fair,
Sweet as the apple-blossoms, when in May
The orchards flush, of summer grown aware.

All that fresh delicate beauty gone from sight,
That gentle, gracious presence felt no more!
How must the house be emptied of delight,
What shadows on the threshold she passed o'er!

She loved me. Surely I was grateful, yet
I could not give her back all she gave me,—
Ever I think of it with vain regret,
Musing upon a summer by the sea.

Remembering troops of merry girls who pressed
About me,—clinging arms and tender eyes,
And love, like scent of roses. With the rest
She came to fill my heart with new surprise.

The day I left them all and sailed away,
While o'er the calm sea, 'neath the soft gray sky
They waved farewell, she followed me, to say
Yet once again her wistful, sweet "good-bye."

At the boat's bow she drooped; her light green dress
Swept o'er the skiff in many a graceful fold;
Her glowing face, bright with a mute caress,
Crowned with her lovely hair of shadowy gold.

And tears she dropped into the crystal brine
For me, unworthy, as we slowly swung
Free of the mooring. Her last look was mine,
Seeking me still the motley crowd among.

O tender memory of the dead I hold
So precious through the fret and change of years!
Were I to live till Time itself grew old,
The sad sea would be sadder for those tears.

CELIA THAXTER.

### THE INEVITABLE HOUR.

To every woman's heart there comes an hour
Of dread necessity. A time of loss
And utter desolation. Greater loss
Than when we sit alone in silent rooms,
Mute with the agony of empty arms,
And the strong tension of the mother-heart
Drawn heavenward. For the pall around us then
Is not all motionless, but often sways
To the light-wavering of celestial wings;
Till on some blessed day the curtain lifts,
Looped by a cherub's finger. But this hour
Holds not one gracious parting in the cloud;
But in blank heaviness it settles down
Upon the woman soul. No ray of Time
Pierces that heavy darkness. Only Heaven
Can star its lonely midnight. This dread woe
Is when a women wakens from her dream—
The highest, purest dream of life and time—
And sees the rich web of her fancy drop
Slowly, but surely, from the man she loves,
Leaving, in place of that dear perfectness,
The skeleton of manhood,—the grim ghost
Of [illegible]. If eternity
Holds not full reparation for her loss,
Then hope and faith are life's inherent lies,
And love is not the synonym of God.

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

The most popular song recently published is "Father will Settle the Bill." Several young ladies have committed the words to memory.

## Our Special Contributors.

### *GALILEO'S DAUGHTER, SISTER MARIA CELESTE.*

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

I have before me a picture of Galileo, representing a squarely-built, well-proportioned man, somewhat above the medium size, with a dome-like forehead, flowing curled beard, and penetrating eyes, fixed in a meditative gaze that seems to scan the earth and sky. He had evidently passed the middle point of his career by some ten years when the original of this picture was painted; but his staunch and vigorous manhood had not yet been broken on the wheel of the Inquisition, although he had narrowly escaped the ordeal of 1616.

Somewhat previous to his first visit to Rome, to answer before the Holy Office for the supposed heretical letter he had written his disciple, Castelli, favoring the Copernican theory of the earth's motion, and seeking to reconcile it with scripture teaching, we get a glimpse of his daughters, Polissena and Virginia, and his son Vincenzio, all born out of wedlock at Padua, before the great astronomer's removal to his beloved Florence, under the auspices of the Grand Duke Cosmo II. In 1614, Polissena, then thirteen years of age, whom we henceforth know as Sister Maria Celeste, and Virginia, whose conventual name is Sister Arcangela, took the veil at the convent of St. Matthew at Arcetri.

Owing to the tender age of these children, and to a certain decree passed by Pope Leo XI., prohibiting two sisters from entering the same convent in Florence, Galileo experienced great difficulty in getting his unfortunate daughters established. Custom, in those days, bore as inexorably upon women as Fate upon the doomed victims of a Greek tragedy. A girl of that remote period could not live peaceably at home with her parents. She could marry, provided her father's fortune was large enough to furnish an oftentimes excessive dowry, or else the door of the convent opened to take her in.

It is not until 1623, long after Galileo's great invention of the telescope, by means of which the heavens were opened to his gaze, leading him to the discovery of Jupiter's satellites, that we make the acquaintance of Sister Maria Celeste. No story can be more touchingly told than hers, as she relates it in a series of simple, artless letters to her father, towards whom flows out all the ardent love of her repressed, starved woman's nature. One hundred and twenty-one of the Franciscan nun's letters were published in 1864 by Prof. Carlo Arduini. Nothing speaks more forcibly in favor of the excellent heart of Galileo than the fact that these humble records of his daughter's life, often filled with details of the monotonous course of conventual existence which would seem wearisome were not every line illumined by the purest devotion, were carefully preserved and cherished with a learned correspondence, embracing crowned heads, dignitaries of the church, philosophers, and men of science, all over Europe.

We know from Sister Maria Celeste's oft-repeated assertion, that her father's replies to these letters were like the apple of her eye. She read and re-read them in the brief intervals allowed between her numerous duties, and doubtless preserved every scrap of his writing with religious care; but after her death all her personal effects became the property of the convent, and it is more than possible that owing to the bad odor in which Galileo's orthodoxy then stood, and the unremitting persecutions of the Inquisition, they were privately destroyed for fear of implicating the sisterhood. However it occurred, it is certainly matter of regret that those familiar letters of the great astronomer to his daughter, which would have enabled us to form an almost perfect picture of his private life, should be lost to the world.

Sister Maria Celeste, by the very homeliness of her writing, carries us back to a seventeenth century convent, and shows us, in microscopic fashion, how those immured women, the victims of superstition and bigotry, managed to exist. She shows us Sister Arcangela, Virginia Galileo, who appears to have been an exacting, selfish sort of person, nursing her aches and pains, real or imaginary, and obliging good Sister Maria Celeste to give up to her, and sacrifice her own comfort in many ways for the sake of peace, as the Maria Celeste's of this world always will. Sister Louisa is her dearest friend. In the rapture of love and gratitude, she never can be thankful enough for the blessings of one devoted heart. St. Matthew's is a poor, beggarly convent. Sometimes the poor nuns are almost destitute of food; their cells are wretchedly in want of the most needful things. Good Sister Maria Celeste writes to beg her father "to send her a coverlet, for she is in danger of perishing from the cold," and then she gently chides him for sending so fine a one.

The Mother Abbess appears to have had a fine talent for asking alms, and Galileo's good nature, manifested towards those needy sisters, must have been boundless. He seems at any moment ready to drop his profound astronomical studies to execute a commission for two poor little sisters, who will be unhappy if they do not get a few yards of cloth to mend the convent cloak, or to furnish the thousand and one things which Sister Maria Celeste requires for the pharmacy and still-room, where she is principally engaged. His wine-cellar is forever open to the sick sisters, and they appear to have had a great deal of sickness at St. Matthew's. We see how the abused and defrauded natures of those women revenged

themselves; how they faded away in the shade, and lost the impulse of healthy existence. Maria Celeste is very miserable herself; but she tries not to mind her bad feelings until she is prostrated on a bed of pain, and then with a feeble hand she writes piteously, beseeching her father to send her a little meat and wine to get up her strength; but her appeals are far more frequent in behalf of her sister, and every demand seems to have been more than answered.

On the other hand, Sister Maria Celeste is always thinking of her father's comfort, and trying to tempt his appetite with little dainties which she is allowed to prepare with her own hands; now she sends him a present of buiscuits baked in a mould in the form of a fish; now, she says, "I have succeeded in procuring four plums, which I send, hoping that if they are not in as great perfection as I could have wished, you will take the will for the deed." Again she says, "I send two baked pears for these days of vigil; but as the greatest treat of all I send you a rose, which ought to please you extremely, seeing what a rarity it is at this season. And, with the rose, you must accept its thorns, which represent the bitter passion of our Lord, while the green leaves represent the hope we may entertain that through the same sacred passion we, having passed the darkness of this short winter of our mortal life, may attain the brightness and felicity of an eternal spring in heaven."

This sweet woman's piety is very pure and unsullied. Asceticism finds no place in her nature. She does not fast, and keep long vigils. She regrets that she cannot do with less sleep; but her constitution appears to require seven or eight hours of rest, and she accordingly takes it. Instead of a patron saint she chooses her father—her beloved devoto, as she calls him—to perfume with the pure incense of her love. There is no taint of the cloister upon the piety of Sister Maria Celeste. It might have grown in the sunshine, under the blue sky, in unison with bird-music, and the hum of bees, and the prattle of little children, and all things bright and good and innocent. It smells more like a wild flower that has blossomed in the fields than a plant fixed to the chinks of a stone in the sad shade of the cloister. There is no cant in the humble but earnest manner in which she entreats her dear beloved lord to attend to spiritual things.

"I know," she says, "that your lordship knows better than I do that tribulation is the touchstone whereon is proved the genuineness of our love to God."

"I pray you not to take the knife of these crosses and disturbances by the wrong end, so that you may not offend because of them. But rather take it by the haft, and use it to cut through all the imperfections you may discover in yourself; that being thus freed from all impediments, you may, in like manner, as with lynx-like eye you have penetrated the heaven, so penetrating the things of this lower world, you will know the vanity and fallacy of all earthly things."

Many times with the gentle plaint of a wounded dove does Sister Maria Celeste bemoan the hard fate which prevents her from nursing her dear lord, as she calls her father, in sickness, and attending to the procuring for him all the comforts of a home, for which her domestic and womanly character admirably fitted her. Sometimes these regrets, and the gentle sister's sense of loss, induce a mild melancholy. "I am desirous of passing away to the next life," she writes to Galileo, "for every day I see more clearly the vanity and misery of this present one; and, besides that, I should no longer offend our blessed Lord. I would hope that my prayers for your lordship would have greater efficacy." Still in the round of her duties but little time is afforded to nurse her morbid feelings. She is often obliged to remain up until one in the morning, to find time to indulge her beloved solace of writing to her father. She writes that she never has a quarter of an hour's idleness except when she is asleep. She teaches the choir singing, works in the pharmacy and still-room, nurses the sick sisters, does needle-work to earn money, and gets up her father's linen and the collars of her brother Vincenzio. It would appear that this article of male finery was then by no means the unobtrusive appendage to which modern fashion has reduced it. In one place, she mentions how much fine cambric and lace it will take to make one of these ornaments for Vincenzio, who appears to have been not a little of a fop. When he wished to obtain favors at the convent, in the way of clear starching and mending, Vincenzio shows himself attentive to his sisters; at other times he leaves them without any information of his way of life, and his habits caused poor Sister Maria Celeste a deal of worry and vexation. Vincenzio was idle and self-important. He preferred living upon his father to making any exertion towards securing a competency for himself. This seems to have been a distinguishing trait of the male members of the Galileo family. The great astronomer's brother, Michael Angelo, a shiftless, hair-brained fellow, hanging on to the skirts of the Court of Berlin, with no visible occupation but lute-playing, after owing Galileo considerable sums of money for many years, comes back upon the old man, and modestly allows him to support his entire family, consisting of nine persons. He finally takes them away, with an insult to the astronomer, because he has not provided musical instruction for the children. Galileo's patience must have been most admirable and Christian; for in spite of this, he still continues to help the scape-grace father, who had been a drag upon his whole life. Vincenzio, the son, marries, much to the delight of Sister Maria Celeste, the sister of her dearest friend in the convent, Louisa. The young couple go to reside with Galileo, in his villa near Florence; but on the breaking out of the plague, with the utmost cowardice and pusillanimity, they run away to Prato, and leave him desolate. Vincenzio is always in the sulks; always misbehaving, and causing the father and good sister infinite trouble; and not he alone, all of Galileo's relations, like the daughter of the horse-leech, are continually crying, give, give!

Sister Maria Celeste's love was the one patch of verdure, fragrance and beauty in Galileo's domestic and family relations. Though shut away by the walls of a convent, she still took the keenest interest in everything pertaining to his interest. After he had removed to the villa near the convent at Arcetri, and during his last sad journey to Rome, to make a recantation of his errors concerning the motion of the earth before the Inquisition, Sister Maria Celeste appears to have attended to all his affairs. We hear latterly of a good Dame Piero, who became Galileo's housekeeper, much to the satisfaction of the nun. She informs him that seventy large oranges have been sold, and begs him to bring her, from Rome, two small pictures—one an Ecce Homo, and the other a Madonna; and "I wish them to have," she adds, "as tender and heavenly an expression as possible." No detail pertaining to her father's interest was too small for her care. It was the custom in those days for masters to clothe servants. "The boy tells me," she writes, "he shall want shoes and stockings. I am going to knit him some stockings of coarse thread. Piero tells me that you had often said you were going to buy a bale of flax. I had intended to let them begin weaving a piece of coarse cloth for the kitchen, but shall await your lordship's orders."

The expressions of affection and tenderness are scattered as thickly through her letters as the pearls sown upon a noble lady's sleeve. She begs him to care for himself, as he is her all in this world. How could she live without him; and yet there is a strain of humility and deference running through every line that is pathetic, when we remember that a daughter is addressing her father. The great wrong of her birth seems to weigh oppressively upon Sister Maria Celeste's gentle spirit, although there is never any direct mention made of it. Vincenzio, the worthless, was legitimatized, but the two daughters remained always under ban. No word is ever spoken of the mother, who stayed in Padua, and married a man of her own class. In the saddest sense, they are motherless. Galileo is Sister Maria Celeste's "illustrious, beloved lord;" but he does not truly become the father until the latter end of his life. There are tender complaints through the letters of this gentleman, where she hints at neglect on his part, and jealousy on hers, lest those who have free access to his presence may steal away his love from her, acknowledging at the same time her almost abject humility, that she has no merit worthy to secure his affection.

There is something very pathetic in the way she strives to throw herself into the profounder, graver interests of the great man's life. She is pleased, beyond measure, with the letters he allows her to read from his illustrious friends. That her dear lord should be honored by the great and mighty of the earth fills her heart with gratitude. She begs him to send her one of his learned works that she may read it; and we picture to ourselves the sweet nun, whose knowledge of books probably does not extend beyond the pages of her breviary and the lives of the saints, puzzling her brain over a profound work of science, and striving to make love interpret to her ignorance.

It would seem that the successive "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," which Galileo was made to suffer, caused him to turn more and more for rest and comfort towards the one pure affection that was always the same through evil report as well as through good. At last we do not hear any more complaint from Sister Maria Celeste. She trusts him wholly. It would seem that the same blow that broke the heart of the great astronomer crushed the gentle flower within the walls of St. Matthew's. In 1633, Galileo was summoned to Rome to answer before the Holy Office for the heresies contained in his great work—the dialogue on the two great systems. Although this work passed under the scrutiny of the censors at Florence and

Rome, and received pontifical consent for its publication, it immediately, on its appearance in print, fell under the ban of the Jesuits, who hated Galileo, as he was then the exponent of advanced scientific thought in Europe. The Pope, Urban, before his elevation, had been a warm friend and admirer of Galileo, but his mind becoming imbued with prejudices, he pursued him with relentless animosity, and in spite of the many powerful friends of the scientist, counting the Grand Duke of Tuscany at their head, who strove to save him from the ignominy of an abjuration, or even from a worse fate in the dens of the Inquisition, he was obliged to appear before the Holy Office, and repeat the famous lie, denying the most earnest and sacred convictions of his soul. "That the sun is the centre of the universe," says the adjuration, "and doth not move from its place, is a proposition absurd and false in philosophy, and formally heretical, being expressly contrary to Holy Writ. That the earth is not the centre of the universe, nor immovable, but that it moves with a diurnal motion, is likewise, a proposition absurd and false in philosophy, and considered in theology *ad minus*, erroneous in faith."

The spring of Galileo's life was broken when he heard propositions like the following gaining credence, while the principles which he had spent his life in elucidating were denounced as impious by Holy Church, and he himself branded as a heretic.

"Animals that are capable of motion," says a profound philosopher of Pisa, "have joints and limbs; the earth has neither joints nor limbs; therefore, it does not move."

"The planets, the sun, and the fixed stars, are all of one substance—that is to say, of the substance of stars; therefore, they either move together or stand still together."

"It is, to the last degree, unseemly to place among the celestial bodies, which are divine and pure, the earth which is a sewer full of vile filth."

As a part of the sentence of Galileo, he was ordered to recite the Seven Penitential Psalms once a week for three years. It was the joy of the devoted Sister Maria Celeste, to take upon herself this labor of love. The nun's distress of mind knew no bounds when she learned of her father's imprisonment by the Holy Office of the Inquisition, and this feeling appears to have been shared in by all the sisterhood, towards whom Galileo had always shown himself a kind and generous friend. The rejoicing at St. Matthew's was unbounded when his sentence was so far commuted as to allow him to reside under surveillance with the archbishop of Siena. We hear of Sister Maria Celeste's sending off the servant Geppo on a mule to visit her father, and bring her back the report of an eye-witness. It was her privilege to behold him once more before death came to seal her eyes in their long sleep. He was at last, after weary waiting and much heart-sickness, allowed to return a prisoner to his own house at Arcetri—to return a bowed and broken man, with blindness stealing over him, though the keenness of his intellect remained unimpaired to the end. He was to sit in the shadows for a few years after Sister Maria Celeste found her rest. His tenderest earthly tie had been sundered, but the dear interests of his great and searching mind remained keen and ardent. The Inquisition could lay no interdict on this search after truth. A few years, and his fame would emerge bright and pure from the dense theological smoke which had sought to blacken it. Day and night, year in and out, the wondrous story Galileo had told the world sitting at the feet of his master, Copernicus, would be repeated in the heavens, while all that was mortal of the good Sister Maria Celeste mouldered back to earth, making the dim old conventual burial-place sweet, perhaps, with flowers. A pure, gentle-hearted woman, wholly without genius, save what loving womanliness brings, she has opened her heart to us. We see it beating beneath her serge robe. We see now how it flutters against the bars of its cage. Formed for all sweet and gracious domestic uses, we see how the clear rill was not roiled, though turned aside from what nature designed. It made its course within the cloister walls, and sang its little song; and still, more than two centuries later, it causes thankfulness to arise within us that the woman triumphed over the nun—that all things are possible to such as hold a great love at the heart's core.

## *THE SITUATION.*

BY MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

When the National Labor Congress met in August, it said political action. The temperance movement has said political action. In Massachusetts both parties have nominated Wendell Phillips for Governor.

The woman suffragists have courted the Republican and Democratic parties, and their suit has been denied.

The preamble and the first resolution presented at the Woman Suffrage Convention in Boston (Sept. 29th) say that, "whereas the platforms of the Prohibition and Labor Reform parties are both silent on the question of woman suffrage, resolved, that a committee be instructed to request the Republican and Democratic parties to adopt woman suffrage as a part of their platforms."

True, the Labor party platforms have said nothing about woman suffrage; but nearly all of them contain a declaration, which, if possible, is even more essential than suffrage, namely, the right of every woman to equal pay with men for equal work. Suffrage is only an incidental thing; it is only a means to an end, to acquire and protect the rights of labor and property. When equal rights of labor and property are granted, the ballot, the means for their protection, must inevitably follow—a conclusion which the leading men of the Labor party themselves understood and assert.

In declaring the right of woman to equal pay with men for equal work, we hold that the Labor party has in reality acknowledged all the correlative rights of woman, including property and suffrage. Have the Republican or Democratic parties done as much? Nay, on the contrary, some of their leaders have sought to shut the open doors of the constitution in her face

H. B. Blackwell says: "By the admission of Mary A. Livermore and Lucy Stone, as delegates to the Republican Convention, the principle of woman suffrage was really recognized. For if a woman may represent one hundred Republican voters, why may she not represent herself? The establishment of this precedent is of incalculable value."

The Labor party had done much more than this long before the meeting of the Massachusetts Conventions. In August last, the Labor party admitted women as delegates, not merely to a convention to nominate candidates, but as delegates to their annual congress—a body which met to legislate for, and to lay down the principles of action which are to control, the policy of the party. In this congress women were received upon equal terms with men; as voters, and as members of committees, they worked side by side with them, helping to organize, and give laws of action to, the party.

If I understand aright, Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Stone were not received by the Republican Convention as Republican party delegates, but as woman suffragists, and had nothing to do with the real business of the convention, namely, the nomination of Republican candidates. The deeds of the Labor party have spoken much louder, and more eloquently, than any words or promises, that might be broken, could have done in recognizing the rights of woman; and as if to seal this recognition, a woman was unanimously chosen as one of the vice-presidents of the National Labor Union.

In talking with the delegates of the Labor Congress, I was surprised and delighted to find that a large majority of their number, including the most mature minds, were in favor of woman suffrage. This fact is all the more significant and important, because this body of delegates was not sectional, but national.

As an earnest and devoted friend of the woman's movement, I wish to say: I hope that neither the Republican nor Democratic parties will ever accept the woman suffrage plank in their platforms, unless they will also adopt the principles that are embodied in the platform of the Labor party.

I do not wish to vote with, or to follow the lead of, a party that, like the Democratic, has aided and abetted those who have laid violent hands on the integrity of this great Union of States, and who buy and sell their votes with whiskey, unless they change their principles and their conduct.

I hope that the women of this nation will never follow the lead of a party that carries its measures by lobbyism and log-rolling. I hope and pray that they may never give their votes to a party who persist in giving away the public land without the consent of those to whom it rightfully belongs; who persist in delegating the power to make and manage our money to soulless corporations called bankers, thereby delegating the power to control our exchanges and finances to irresponsible men; a power intrusted by the people solely to its responsible servant, the Congress of the United States. Such action is not only unconstitutional, but a very great wrong to the people.

I hope and pray that the votes of women will never go to swell the power of a party that lends or sells its services to build up gigantic monopolies; that use their great power of wealth to control the government, regardless of the best interests of the great body of the people; a power that will not hesitate to trample under foot all that a free people hold most dear and sacred.

Before the war, the people, by refusing to vote the Democratic ticket, issued a decree against cheap or unpaid slave labor; but the

leaders of the Republican party, thus brought into power, would never have obeyed that decree if the necessities of the war had not forced it upon them. Let us not forget this. It is very absurd for the leaders of the Republican party to claim the undying thanks of the people for reluctantly performing an act that was literally forced upon them. The whole course of the Republican party, from first to last, is proof enough that the working men and women of this nation, who are constantly defrauded of the wealth that they create, have nothing to hope or to gain from this party.

I do not forget that a few of the leaders, and many of the voters, of the Republican party are the true and earnest friends of justice. For such noble men my gratitude is beyond the power of language to express; but all such men will soon find their way into the new party that is just starting into political life and action, a party that will embody all the reformatory elements that are now working in our midst.

To-day the elements of the Prohibition, Labor Reform and Woman Suffrage parties may seem somewhat incongruous, but they must, and will, work together for the same great ends. A common interest and a common danger will unite them, and sweep away their seeming differences, whether they will or no. The safety, the well-being, yea, the perpetuity, of this republic depends upou their united action. The God of justice and the destiny of this people will not ask their consent. They will be compelled to work together, as the Republican party was compelled to abolish slavery and work with the black man.

## *BUSINESS TRAINING FOR WOMEN.*

BY H. C. INGERSOLL.

A business education, such as the Simmons' Bequest proposes, seems to us the one which in this day woman most lacks. It is very sad to know how many women who pass for "intelligent" are ignorant on matters of business. They have had so little to do with the money of the world that when they happen to find themselves possessed of some they know not how to take care of it. An old English authority says, "they are generally kicked or kissed out of their patrimony!"

Sometimes "a little story" is the best argument, and I will here relate an instance which came to my knowledge about a year since, which, I think, illustrates the need of business education for women. A major-general in our late war was killed, leaving a young wife and child. There were some circumstances which caused delay to the widow in receiving the back pay and pension to which she was entitled, so that when it did come the amount was several thousand dollars. Meanwhile she had sought and obtained a place in the Departments at Washington, whereby she maintained herself and child. Among those whom she considered friends at Washington was a gentleman and his family, who seemed very kind to her. The gentleman was head of a bureau (in Johnson's time), and inspired confidence in her by loaning her, before she got her pension, money to the amount of $100 without interest. When her own money came she repaid the debt, and went North to recruit the health of herself and child, taking with her the sum she supposed she would need, and handing the rest to this friend, to be left in his safe until she should call for it. He accepted the trust, and Mrs. ——— went North, without even taking a receipt from him to show that he had her money. She was just so ignorant of business as that! Nor do we suppose she is the only young woman of twenty-three *as* ignorant.

But her want of knowledge of business did not stop here. She went to one of the hotels of Boston (called "first-class"), and after she and her child had regained health she called for her bill, intending to pay it, and return to Washington. The amount was much larger than she had anticipated, much larger, probably, than it would have been if she had not been an unprotected woman, and had made a definite business-like bargain beforehand. She had not enough money with her to pay the whole of it, and wrote to Washington for more, and received for answer from her *friend* (!) that he had been hard-pressed, and used the money; was extremely sorry, but he could not send her any. Mortified in the extreme to be unable to pay the whole of her bill, she paid a part, and then proposed to leave a trunk containing nearly $1,000 worth of clothing, the whole of her silks, laces, etc., which she had before she went into mourning—such a wardrobe as was suited to her condition in life as wife of a major-general. So, leaving the whole of this value behind her, instead of such a part only as would have insured the landlord against loss, she returned to Washington to find that of all her money in the *friend's* safe she was not likely ever to get a dollar, and that the only way she could redeem her trunk was by going to work in the Departments again. Her child was taken sick, and it was many weary months before she had saved enough to liquidate the bill. Meanwhile she was informed by friends that she left at the hotel, that the landlord had opened her trunk, and his daughter had been wearing her elegant silks and laces to all the balls and parties of the winter. Upon learning this, Mrs. ——— objected to paying the whole bill in order to redeem her trunk. She consulted lawyers, and they at first counseled resistance to the landlord; but after seeing him, and finding that he was one of the ineffably mean men who, in case of a suit in court, would endeavor to mitigate damages against himself by insinuations against the character of the lady, they advised her to accept the compromise he offered, which was to keep the trunk and pay about one-third of its value! They advised it, they said, "because she was a woman, and it would be better for her to submit to imposition than to incur anything so disagreeable as to contend with a man in a court of law who would throw out insinuations against her character as a lady." Lawyers are not always "knights-errant," and there was little money in the case for them, and thus they advised. What could such a woman do but submit in despair? But does not every other woman who hears her story ache to have women better educated in business matters—better able to defend themselves against injustice? This lady would have been called an intelligent, charming woman of society anywhere. She wrote an excellent letter. Would that she had known how to write a receipt! Would that she could have made a writ in law, or that there had been some woman-lawyer who would have gone into court, and protected her helplessness! Speed the day when such helplessness and ignorance shall be no longer possible among intelligent women.

## *WHAT ONE GIRL DID.*

BY MARY E. B. BROWN.

About seven years ago I became acquainted in Ohio with a young girl who possessed none of this world's goods except the clothes she wore. She was not strong in body, and yet she was obliged to earn her living by "*working out*" in kitchens where there was always much hard work to be done.

The one great desire of her heart was to obtain an education. For one who was so poor this seemed utterly impossible. Her outlook in life was dreary enough, but she had a brave heart.

After earning clothing enough to last her one term, she went to O—— to work for her board and go to school.

She soon began to show considerable skill in penmanship. Her teacher observing this, very kindly gave her extra lessons in this branch of study. Sarah began to hope that with her pen she might yet earn more than with a broom or a mop.

She left school in a few months, and went into a country school-district to try and get up a writing-school. It was hard work enough, but she still kept up her courage. Finally she obtained a dozen pupils, and earned more than she would have done in a kitchen. Then off she went to another district, and visited from house to house, and again she had a dozen pupils for another course of lessons. After a few months she was able to return to school again.

About that time I left Ohio, and for years I heard no more of Sarah. The past summer I visited the town where I became acquainted with Sarah. Much pleased was I to learn how successful she had been.

She has become an intelligent, useful woman. For several years she has been in a postoffice in the city of C——. She does the writing for the foreign mail, for which she receives sixty-five dollars per month. She has bought herself a farm that she hopes sometime to live on.

She will, I hope, prove a successful farmer. If she should ever marry, it will probably be all for love, and not for the sake of getting a husband to support her.

## *A FIELD FOR WOMEN.*

There never was a time when a riper harvest stood ready for women; never was there a field so ready for the reapers. The nations of Christendom are in a most receptive mood.

Men hold back from doing that which their judgment tells them is right. There still lurks a false pride in their hearts; they do not like to acknowledge that they have done wrong in the past.

Woman having had but little share of the direction of affairs in the past is untrammeled. She can take her stand where she feels herself to be securely in the right. Let her plant her standard upon the true basis of all woman actions, PEACE, and the men will rally around it. If all the women who are now working in the cause of universal suffrage will bend their whole energies toward the establishment

of a court of arbitration between this country and Great Britain, they would achieve not only that, but suffrage would quickly follow.

Is it possible that the two leading nations in the civilization of the nineteenth century are capable of being led into war as we have seen France and Prussia? It is quite possible, in spite of a large majority of both nations who would strive to prevent it. The establishment of a permanent court of arbitration, with full powers to adjust all difference, would, in a short time, destroy the spirit of war, and make it as repulsive as single combat is now. Let all women be pressed into the mission of PEACE, and we shall then see the morning of their day.

## Foreign Correspondence.

### *LETTER FROM LONDON.*

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, Oct. 8, 1870.

Your decade meeting will be so near at hand when this reaches you that I think I had better make the continuation of the Social Science Congress rather shorter than I otherwise should have done. So I shall plunge at once into the treat of the meeting, and give a portion of Dr. Lyon Playfair's masterly address on education, in which he advocated the training which shall best fit a man for his appointed place in life:

"In education, as in everything else, our position is not of our own making; for our experience, our conceptions, and our prejudices have descended to us by inheritance. Accordingly, we find that our present system is very much of an ecclesiastical inheritance. It is needless to go so far back as the days of monasteries when excellent schools were attached to them, often for the political purpose of raising the middle classes as allies to the Church in resisting the power and encroachment of the nobles. These were grand old schools, but they represented our Etons, Harrows, and Rugbys, rather than the elementary schools with which we are dealing. The first direct compulsory law relating to education in this kingdom, that I have met with in my studies, was passed by James IV., of Scotland, in 1494. He ordained that all sons of freeholders and barons should go to school under penalty, and that their eldest sons, who were to have the estates, should, after their preliminary education, attend three years at a school of law, in order that they might administer, discernedly and wisely, justices' justice to the poor folk of the realm. It is a pity that this compulsory law does not still exist for eldest sons. You see in it the idea that education should be adapted to the work of life. This main idea of fitting a man for his work was vigorously supported by our old reformers. John Knox held firmly by it, especially in his scheme for secondary education, which, unfortunately for Scotland, was never adopted, though his plan for primary education was. In the former he announced that no boys should leave school till they had devoted a proper time to 'that study which they intend chiefly to pursue for the profit of the commonwealth.' This is the old conception of the object of education, and reappears at the present day under the modern garb of 'Technical Education.' All the reformers urged its necessity, especially Luther and Melancthon. Most European States have held fast to the idea with more or less of development, but it has vanished utterly from our English schools.

"Our primary schools, on the whole, do not teach higher instruction than a child of eight years of age may learn. In our class of life, our children acquire such knowledge as a beginning; with the working classes they get it as an end. What an equipment for the battle of life! No armor-plate of knowledge is given to our future artisan, but a mere thin veneer of the three R's, so thin as to rub off completely in three or four years' wear and tear of life. I am speaking on official record, for we are assured by inspectors that nothing under Standard IV. suffices for permanent use; and yet the Committee of Council tells us that four-fifths of the children of ages at which they leave school pass only in lower standards. Recently, under Mr. Corry's minute, inducements have been given for subjects higher than the three R's, but for some reason it produces scarcely any result. So, under our present system of elementary teaching, no knowledge whatever bearing on the life-work of the people reaches them by our system of State education. The air they breathe, the water they drink, the tools they use, the plants they grow, the mines they excavate, might all be made subjects of surpassing interest and importance to them during their whole life; and yet of these they learn not one fact. Yet we are surprised at the consequences of their ignorance. A thousand men perish yearly in our coal mines, but no schoolmaster tells the poor miner the nature of the explosive gas which scorches him, or of the after-damp which chokes him. Boilers of steam engines blow up so continually that a committee of the House of Commons is now engaged in trying to diminish their alarming frequency, but the poor stokers, who are scalded to death or blown to pieces, were never instructed in the nature and properties of steam. In Great Britain alone, more than one hundred thousand people perish annually, and at least five times as many sicken grievously, out of pure ignorance of the laws of health, which are never imparted to them at school; they have no chance of learning them afterwards, as they possess no secondary schools. The mere tools of education are put into the hands of children during their school time without any effort being made to teach them how to use the tools for any profitable purpose whatever; so they get rusty, or are thrown aside altogether. And we fancy that we have educated the people! Our pauperism, our crime, and the misery which hovers on the brink of both, increase terribly, and our panacea for their cure is teaching the three R's up to Standard III. The age of miracles has passed by, and our large faith in our little doings will not remove mountains. It is best to be frank. Our low quality of education is impoverishing the land. It is disgracefully behind the age in which we live, and of the civilization of which we boast; and until we are convinced of that, we cannot be roused to the exertions required for its amendment. This is no new complaint, and has been long ago made by far higher authorities than myself."

A meeting of the workingmen's club was called on the same day, and Sir John Bowring was called upon to take the chair; and after a short address, which I made by special request, a very interesting discussion ensued respecting the conduct of such institutions.

A very good paper was read by Mr. W. Cooke Taylor on the "Association of the Sexes in Education;" and after some reference to the system carried out in America he divided education into primary, secondary, and tertiary. The primary and secondary would be gymnastic education, or the educing from the faculties their full powers; the tertiary would be the technical or training in a certain direction. The primary would be infant teaching, or elementary education; the secondary would be adult teaching, or middle-class education; and up to this point both sexes should be educated together. Gymnastic education concluded, he would separate them, or as many as were destined for separate careers; and those who were not would, of their own nature and will, remain together. He would have no Government aid given to any school where the absurd extravagance prevailed of having two school-rooms, two play-grounds, two sets of teachers and teaching appliances instead of one. They should be taught the same subjects, except when they applied, as in ordinary school economy, for extras; necessaries should also be taught, or the sources of useful information, and the manner of forming right judgments upon them; luxuries, such as writing verse or playing on musical instruments, should be taught only to those who sought them. He would teach them to love and respect one another, and to associate together for the common good. Were this scheme realized, he ventured to predict a great improvement in the moral nature of women, taking the word "moral" in its only true and great sense. What usually stands for female morality was but a very poor thing indeed compared with what it might and should be. The word virtuous, as applied to a woman, meant a different thing from virtuous as applied to a man. Putting it at the best, it represented but a very small portion of what was contained in the other. He doubted if it represented anything more than a mere negation. He had his suspicion that it meant but a fashion in morality, the product of a certain time, place, and civilization. He did not believe that a polygamist would call a monogamist virtuous, and he was very sure that a female monogamist would regard a female polygamist (if he might use an inaccurate term,) as a very vicious person. Virtue was like "the quality of mercy," which "is not strained," but "droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven;" it was an unwearied search after the living truth and a continual effort to do good.

The Rev. Canon Whitly, Rev. F. Steggall and Mr. Payne joined in the discussion; and on the President's (Lyon Playfair) calling for an expression of my opinion, I ventured to say that I felt that the want of real harmony in the interests, occupations, reflections and tastes of men and women produced most baneful consequences, upon both sexes, and as Mr. Taylor seemed to have represented these consequences, from man's point of view, I must be allowed to add that many women were beginning to feel the evil effects of dissimilar education, experiences, and pursuits. In my mind the association of sexes is a point of great consequence, because without it society is deprived of its real vitality. And in spite of all we hear about the influence of ladies, and about the worship paid to them in society, women have not yet that real influence upon men's minds and characters which they ought to possess. Plenty of tithe is paid to them in "mint, anise, and cummin," but the weighty matters of the law are altogether forgetten.

The Members of Congress were most hospitably received at Newcastle, and many were the breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners organized on their behalf. Two ships were launched, an excursion made to the Roman Wall under the guardianship of Dr. Bruce, and an expedition to Alnwick castle concluded the festivities. I remained in Alnwick to lecture at the Literary Institute there, and the signal for coming on to the platform was the curfew bell! The next day I proceeded to Morpeth, where the annual meeting of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes was held under the presidency of the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., M. P. Here I had the honor of giving the opening lecture in the new town hall, which has been rebuilt at the expense of the Earl of Carlisle. Before leaving the north I spent a very pleasant day at Durham with Miss Dora G. Greenwell, whose writings are doubtless known in America. Her brother is one of the Canons of the Cathedral; and Durham Castle and Cathedral, as seen from the river, is one of the most beautiful places I have seen in England. I have just had the pleasure of a long talk with Mrs. Ernestine Rose, whose whole heart seems in our movement.

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What is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman.

# Letters from Friends.

## HINTS FOR FUTURE ACTION.

CHICAGO, October 12th, 1870.

*Dear Madam:* Will you permit me to make some practical suggestions as to the work to be done to promote the cause of woman's enfranchisement? The essential thing is to get people to read on the subject. This done, all other things will follow naturally and easily; the public will call for lectures, and will crowd to hear them; the papers which advocate our cause will find ready subscribers; and the petitions to Congress for an amendment to the federal constitution, which should be circulated as fast as there is a growing interest in the subject, will find ready signers. To get the public to read on the subject, there should be a systematic monthly distribution of our tracts throughout all our cities and villages. This tract distribution I conceive to be the most important instrumentality to be employed. The only organization needed is a State society in each State, with an efficient executive committee, the members of which should all, or nearly all, reside in some central town or city. This committee should appoint one or more persons in every town as a local committee for the distribution of tracts, who might make what organization they pleased in their own towns for the more efficient and convenient discharge of their duty, reporting to the central committee. This central committee should furnish the local committees each month a particular tract, published by them or procured elsewhere, which should be left during the month in every house in the State where there could be expected to find readers. One woman of energy will be sufficient to take charge of the work for a town or city, securing and directing her own helpers. This plan avoids all cumbersome machinery. Under this system of family reading, (the tract being the same for every family during the month,) the thought of the whole people of a State, so far as they read the tracts—and they will certainly be extensively read—will be more or less concentrated on one phase of the subject; and out of the curiosity and interest thus excited, there will grow, as I have before suggested, a demand for lectures and public gatherings of one sort or another. These, springing from a common impulse, will always pay their own expenses, and leave some little balance to be turned over to the society. Another method of raising money, besides membership fees, which should be small, I think, might be to prepare, before every public meeting, small packages of tracts (twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and one dollar packages, clasped with a rubber band), which should be sold from the platform at a trifle above cost, and which should contain a selection of publications different from those used in the regular distribution. The literature of this subject is becoming very rich, including the writings of the English advocates of the cause, and would be a means of political education for women, the importance of which can scarcely be estimated. Each State society would do well to print any report that might be made in its State Legislature in favor of woman suffrage, and to procure the preparation of a tract, by some competent lawyer, on the legal disabilites of married women in the State. Such an one has been recently published by our Connecticut society, and has produced a great impression on all who have read it, and brought many unexpected converts to our cause.

When we see in what condition two hundred years of male legislation in one of our most enlightened and Christian States has left the law, as it affects married women in all their relations to their husbands, their children, and their property, we may well say that the incompetency for legislation, which is by mere presumption charged upon women, is proved by actual demonstration with regard to men.

I remain truly yours,

ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

## NETTA'S EXPLANATION.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25, 1870.

*Mrs. Bullard:* In response to your request, I enclose the substance (part) of the trouble (the future will develop the whole) in the association of which I was vice-president. I will, in a week or less, put you in full control of the *secret* of the trouble. I regret I cannot do so now.

When I became identified with the Saleswomen's Early Closing Association, I was not desirous of appearing before the public in any way, shape, or manner. I withheld my name for certain reasons, which will show themselves in the future. I intended to withdraw from the association as soon as it became successful. I felt so happy when I secured the first $100 toward helping the saleswomen, and I was told I could secure more, and I did; the amount collected was $600, of which I paid our president $100. He stated they would start a series of hops. (I advise the public to look at the reports of that meeting, wherein he used the above.) I am sorry that it did not agree with my ideas. I would not allow the rest of the money to be disbursed in that "hopping" manner, so I retained the rest, intending to use it for the purpose it was donated for. I had been waiting all along for our president to give us a constitution and by-laws; but according to his ideas we could not get along without money.

The gentleman who claims to be our treasurer (!) along with our president (who was nominated *pro tem.*), also a reporter, and a person named Kahn—"a busybody," as he is termed in his own association (Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association), seem to entertain a personal spite against myself. This Kahn, who is employed in H. Clapp's dry goods store, corner of Grand and Eldridge street, commenced to disturb the harmony of our meetings, by poisoning the minds of all that he could come in contact with. He keeps company with certain characters, who are worthless, idle, and dissolute; he tried to injure myself, for what cause I know not. At present I have to wait until I see what further action will be taken by our president. There were only a few members present; the lady (!) who moved to expel myself only *joined that night*—rather summary on her part. So indignant were the members of the press, that when I arose to leave, they followed also, disgusted with the clique assembled there. The press have aided and advised me "that I am right;" feeling conscious I am doing no wrong, I am enabled at any time to face the public. Outside of the association, this Kahn's company are trying to prevent "Netta" from earning her living, and to use their elegant language, "will drive 'Netta' on the streets of New York, or out of it." I cannot be driven, nor will I leave it. I intend to earn my living as I always have, *honestly;* and *I defy* any person to *prove* the contrary. My plans for the future are being arranged; and if I start another association (in response to the numerous calls made to do so) I will see that the leaders TEACH ITS OFFICERS, and not conduct the association as *they* please. To the Dry Goods Clerks' Association, those of my friends among them, I owe many thanks. I trust that the saleswomen, in the course of time, may win. I long to see them leaving their stores at seven P. M., and when I can aid I will.

NETTA.

## ONE OF THE MINORITY.

VINELAND, N. J.

*Dear Revolution:* I understand your paper is to contain a report of the action of the Ex. Com. of the Cum. Co. Woman's Suffrage Association on the matter of going to the polls this fall. And lest some of your readers may think this decision is acquiesced in by a majority of the women who are asking that justice may be done them—and that right speedily—I wish to make a statement of the subsequent action taken by the friends of the cause, who were not satisfied with the reasons given in that report for not going to the polls. I was one of that committee, but stood in the minority—the vote standing four against and three in favor of going to the polls. The reasons for not going are stated in that report, and I need make no comments on them, as your readers can judge for themselves whether their method of operations would be likely to hasten the time of bringing about the desired result, or tend to encourage the friends abroad who are looking to Vineland as to a light set on a hill—even though located on the flats of South Jersey. As for myself, not only my judgment, but every fibre of my being, says, go forward unflinchingly.

> True to your highest, noblest thought,
> Go forward, though alone.

The difference being only one of opinion in regard to the best means of furthering the cause, it was thought best to have a report of this committee laid before the public; and consequently a public meeting was held, at which both the majority and minority reports were made. The sympathies of the audience seemed entirely with the minority. A unanimous vote was passed to go to the polls, and a caucus appointed to make the preliminary arrangements. Judging from the number present, and interest manifested, at that caucus, I should say there was a growing interest in the subject, and have no doubt that if the women will work with half the zeal that men do in political affairs, we shall have a grand turn-out on election day.

This is God's work, and must go steadily forward. If we who have been instrumental in starting the work here tire and faint by the way, he will raise up new workers; and no willing hand will be allowed to remain idle while so many fields are white awaiting the harvester.

Previous to the emancipation of the Southern slaves, if a person could have gone through the States where negro slavery existed, and talked freedom to them, no doubt many of them would have replied that they did not want to be free. Massa was good and kind—

fed and clothed them—and they did not want to leave him, and have to take care of themselves. Nevertheless, when God's time came, the shackles were stricken from *their* limbs as well as from those who were desiring and prepared for freedom. So will it be with the white slave women or subjugated class of the Northern States. The time is coming—perhaps sooner than any of us are aware—when the responsibilities of citizenship will be placed upon our shoulders; and it behooves us to prepare ourselves to wisely and well fulfill the duties of citizens. To me our present manner of getting up tickets and going to the polls is no idle play, but a school of development and instruction, which, I hope, will, in some measure, prepare me for coming duties and responsibilities. SUSAN P. FOWLER.

CHICAGO, October 17th.

*Dear Revolution:* I see that you are saying a good word every now and then for your Boston friends. Allow me to say a word for Mrs. Howe, the pioneer of "*peace* and good will to men."

Her protest against the injustice of war is exciting a great deal of comment among women, but at present it is only a subdued murmur of approval, which will be to society like "a little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump." Presently we shall hear more. Lives are precious in the sight of woman, and war hideous in their eyes.

HARRIET S. BROOKS.

## *EUGENIE'S BIGOTRY.*

Probably no female sovereign since "Bloody Mary" has been so thoroughly under priestly influence as the French Empress. The power that the Catholic clergy have had over her has been the road to them by which to reach the Emperor, and to gain the points to their advantages. This has made her a constant thorn in the side of her husband, who understood better than she, that giving prominence in the country to that which the skeptical French look upon as the remnant of the priestly impostures of the dark ages was not a very effective way of making them respect his "dynasty." She would have had him, by force of arms, restore to the Pope his former territory in Italy. She would have had him make a dash at Spain at the time of the late revolution in that country, and restore to the throne that darling of the clergy and the Pope, Queen Isabella. Lastly, in common with all Catholics, she has been taught that Germany, with the darkening influence that it has exerted over Europe for three centuries, since its odious Lutheran Reformation, should be checked in its over-growth. A war with the land of Luther has long been looked upon both by Eugenie and her priests in the light of a religious crusade by which the power of religious error could be wiped out with blood; hence the unbounded enthusiasm exhibited by the Empress at the opening of the war.

Miss Margaret Dickens is *not* the author of Veronica, Aunt Margaret's Troubles, etc. We clipped this item from an exchange, and now learn from Miss Kate Field, who knew the real author of these novels well, that we have unwitingly given currency to an error. Mrs. Adolphus Trollope is the lady who is entitled to the credit of the authorship of these popular works.

## About Women.

The original meaning of devil is traducer.

A lady boasts of having read sixty French novels through during last summer.

Miss Mathilde Victor gave a lecture recently on woman's rights and duties at Edgerton, Ohio.

Mrs. Fletcher intends to propound to lecture listeners the interrogatory, "Are you for sale?"

The Duchess of St. Albans is acting as a volunteer organist to a country parish church in England.

New York young ladies are forming "walking clubs" for the purpose of walking eight or ten miles a day.

Miss Rhoda Neatherly is the Democratic candidate for Superintendent of Schools in Delaware county, Iowa.

Miss "Netta" has been engaged as a regular reporter of Mr. George H. Stout's news association in Nassau street.

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr recently read a poem upon the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the settlement of Rutland, Vt.

The committee of the Mercantile Library of Galveston, Texas, have tendered the office of Librarian to Miss Mollie E. Moore.

The Ladies' Fair in San Francisco for the aid of the wounded in the European war has netted the handsome sum of $50,000.

Mrs. E. W. Lawrence, Secretary of New York Authors' Union, is the author of a number of anonymous poems of much beauty.

There is an old lady in the State Prison at Waupun, Wisconsin, eighty years of age. She was sent there for setting fire to a building.

Miss St. Clair has been gathering materials for a new lecture in a carriage ride of 3,000 miles to San Francisco via the northwestern territories.

Miss Smith, colored, has been confirmed a teacher in the Boston grammar schools. She is the first colored woman who ever reached that post.

Mrs. Richardson will soon publish some papers and magazine articles of the late Albert D. Richardson, which have not yet been made public.

A country paper says: "There is a graveyard in the neighborhood where may be seen the impressive picture of a man sleeping peacefully by the side of his six wives."

Almost all young ladies in our cities dress all out of reach of the young men of their class—a strong argument against marriage in the minds of many a would-be husband.

A Chicago husband, named Shaughnessy, wearied of the monotony of divorce, substituted strangulation for that ceremony in the case of the last Mrs. S., with the most satisfactory result.

Mrs. Delos Arnold and Mrs. Nettie Sanford, of Marshaltown, Iowa, held a discussion on the woman suffrage question a few days since, with the Revs. Percival and Bull and a Mr. Whitney, of the same place.

At the meeting of the American Social Science Association recently held in Boston, on motion of Col. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Parkman and Miss May were added to the Board of Directors. Good for Boston!

A man in Adrian, Mich., was fined $100 for beating and otherwise abusing his wife till she was almost dead. Wife beating is cheaper in New York than in Michigan, and it is not a very expensive luxury even there.

Matilda Heron was so desirous of a separation from her husband, Stoepel, a gossiper says, that she gave him all the property she had, even drawing a diamond ring from her finger and throwing it into the bargain.

Miss Emma Lajeunesse, the Albanian prima donna, is singing at Florence in the "Regis Politeama Florentino Vitorio Emanuele," which is a theatre, and not, as its length might lead one to suppose, the libretto of an opera.

Madame Mathilde Heine, the widow of Hunreich Heine, has placed her house in the Rue de la Courcelle, Paris, at the disposal of the society for the aid of the sick and wounded. Madame Heine is by birth a French woman.

The other day four young ladies, daughters of William Cross, of Vallonia, Indiana, attacked and beat a man whom they charged with writing under their father's sale bills a notice that they, too, would be sold with other property.

A wife-murderer in Ohio soothes his prison solitude by writing poetry for the local newspapers, which must convince even those who looked with most leniency on his original offence that capital punishment is sometimes a mild retribution.

The second largest Presbyterian church, in numbers, in the United States, was started by a young woman, Mary Edwards, in a private house in Binghamton, N. Y., sixty-eight years ago. She kept up a female prayer-meeting regularly for fifty years.

Miss Angie King, well remembered as the sister of Rev. T. Starr King, has been lately unsuccessful in an attempt to be appointed to the charge of a postoffice in one of the towns of Wisconsin. She proposes to again enter the field as a public reader.

The Free Methodists at their recent conference in New York adopted resolutions against Christian women adorning themselves with "*useless fripperies* and *vanities*, such as trimmings, laces, braids, embroideries, strips of velvet, and other nonsensical gewgaws."

A young wife at Glenn's Falls, only fifteen years old, and only married three months, endeavored to commit suicide because her young husband couldn't support her. If people would wait until they arrive at years of discretion, say sixteen years old, before marrying, these troubles would cease.

A young woman who lately sued for breach of promise was offered two hundred dollars to settle. "What! she cried, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart? Two hundred dollars for all this! Never, never! Make it three, and it's a bargain."

The Crown Princess of Prussia, whose health has been shattered by her unceasing toil for the wounded in the hospitals of Berlin, has retired for a few weeks' rest to the German watering place of Hamburg. Her children are with her. But although she has retired from the immediate field of her labors, she persists in her unceasing efforts to bring relief to the wounded by conducting the management of the hospitals she has built, by letter.

# The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

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## *THE POVERTY OF WOMEN.*

It would be a curious and pathetic statement if we could have placed before us the sums which women have added to the wealth of the world, to which they have no title, and for which they receive no credit. Thousands of men, if they spoke the truth, would be obliged to acknowledge that the foundations of their fortunes were laid by their wives; not indirectly alone, by furnishing them with an incentive, with something to work for, but directly, in the way of counsel, encouragement, and active help.

If these women could come into their own—into what they have actually added to the productive capital of society—they would not be the paupers they are to-day, nor mere beneficiaries upon the bounty of men. The entire talents and energies of an average housekeeper are given to the care of her family, the comfort of her husband, and still, to all intents and purposes, she is a beggar. There are thousands of men, yea millions, like the old down East farmer, of whom it is related that he was an excellent husband and father, but he never could see what a woman wanted with five dollars. These men are good to their "women folks," in country parlance, until their pockets are touched, then every dollar that is extracted for a needful pair of shoes or a new gown comes like drawing teeth. In the rural districts, at least, the belief still prevails that women cannot be trusted with money. The wife goes to the store "to trade," at the last pinch of need; the husband stands by to check all extravagance, and when the purchases are made, reluctantly draws forth his pocket-book and pays the bill.

Multitudes of men lean on their wives every hour in the day, and often consult them on affairs of business, knowing their practical ability to be greater than their own, who have never had the generosity to draw out fifty dollars and say, "Here, take this, go and buy what is needful for yourself and the girls." I have seen genial men transformed into sour, crabbed, disagreeable old curmudgeons at the simple question, "Father, won't you please give us some money to day?"

The male intellect finds it excedingly difficult to comprehend why a woman wants or requires money. I have known women to deprive themselves of the necessarries of life rather than submit to the humiliation of asking for what is rightfully their own—what they have earned by the sweat of the brow and the toil of the hands. In agricultural districts the wife and daughters are active partners in the business of the farm. Besides attending to their own special province of housework, they help milk the cows; they assist at butter and cheese-making; they gather and preserve fruit, and prepare it for market, and in harvest time they often go into the field. They labor more hours, and have infinitely more responsibility, than any hired hand on the farm; and yet, when at the end of the season the farm-hand goes away with his pocket well lined, they have not a penny to show for their summer's work.

If a married woman is appealed to for charitable aid, she must wait to consult her husband before she can bestow a dime upon the good work in which her heart may be enlisted. In fact, she has not the dime at command. It must be drawn from that most jealous of receptacles—a man's pocket. A hundred times a year she is obliged to confess herself a pauper under circumstances mortifying to a proud spirit. The joy of doing what she pleases with her own is never hers from the time she begins her life of toil until she lies down in the last sleep.

In rural districts, it is not uncommon for the father to collect the wages of the daughter, who goes out to keep school or to hire in families, even after she has attained her majority. Custom permits the wrong, so deeply is the idea intrenched in the male mind that women are not rational, responsible beings fit to disburse the money which by their own wit and energy they have been able to earn.

This classing of women with children, idiots, and other irresponsible beings, and not any lack of industry and business tact on their part, is the direct cause of their poverty. I believe it is Mrs. Owens who boldly states that quite half, if not more, of the work of the world is done by women; and yet they have neither banks nor exchanges, nor influence upon the money market. What they acquire goes to swell male capital. It is constantly said that man is the provider for the family. Where this is true, woman is the distributor of what is provided, and has the largest share of the labor. But there are multitudes of cases where woman is the provider. Actresses, as a class, in spite of the stigma which often unjustly rests upon them, are among the most laborious and untiring of their sex. They nurse and mend all day long, and their appearance before the footlights is only a brief interlude in the round of family labors and anxieties. The husband of the actress is often nothing more than a mere appendage, who pockets the earnings of his wife, and lives in inglorious ease, if he does not actually squander the money in dissipation. The late MacFarland-Richardson trial brought out some testimony strongly corroborative of this statement. Where woman is the provider, as she is in such a multitude of cases, it is simply iniquitous that idle or dissolute men should have the power of squandering her hard-won means.

There are multitudes of other cases where women are equal partners in the business in which their husbands are engaged, and yet never receive one tithe of the profits. Men who are just and upright in all else have yet to receive an education of the conscience in this regard. Women are the toiling paupers of the world, and never can their emancipation be fully attained until they have money to command. Wendell Phillips once said that the example of a woman who should amass a fortune of two millions would give a great impetus to the woman cause. So it would; and some man whom she has, through long years, assisted to swell his bank account and increase his credit ought to have generosity enough to come forward and help her earn it. A story is going the rounds of the papers of a man in Salem who has placed his wife's name, with his own, on the sign-board over his shop-door. The story is almost too good to be true; but if it should prove so, all honor to the man who has made himself a pioneer in this good work—of giving to woman the things that are woman's.

We would not withhold honorable mention of the somewhat infrequent cases where men, in the heyday of their prosperity, do legally assign to their wives a certain share of their worldly goods. In other instances where it is done to evade the law, of course no credit is due. Men in precarious and fluctuating lines of business, making them rich to-day, and leaving them poor to-morrow, would consult their best interest, and insure the future comfort of their families, by making over to the independent use of their wives a handsome share of their gains. Therefore, policy, as well as the highest justice, demands that women shall be raised from the condition of paupers to that of property owners. To the same degree that they become less impecunious, they will become more self-respecting.

## *HAVE WOMEN ANY RIGHT IN A HOTEL?*

It is a frequent boast of Americans that a woman may travel alone across the length and breadth of our country, not only without danger of insult, but that she is sure of receiving from every one she meets the greatest courtesy and kindness; ready assistance in any little difficulty or perplexity is offered her by all gentlemen, since it is taken for granted that a woman is entitled to all respect and courtesy until, by her own conduct, she forfeits her claim to receive it.

But this general principle, so creditable to both the men and women of America, is not accepted by the hotel proprietors of our country. A single woman shrinks from presenting herself at one of these temporary sojourns; for if she does not receive insult in words, she has to pass a critical survey from the officials, who scan her from head to foot, in attempting to decide for themselves whether she is or is not a respectable woman, while her blood tingles in every vein with her shame and indignation at this mute investigation of her moral character.

No single man has to pass this crucial test of immaculate purity before a room is asgned him, nor can we believe that it is the high standard of morality of hotel-proprietors which leads to this scrutiny of single women. There is little investigation of the character of a woman accompanied by a man who visits a hotel, even if her appearance and manners are of a suspicious sort; and many of our large hotels have an unenviable reputation of sheltering fast women with their paramours.

But women of stainless character—ladies in every respect—have suffered from this strange unwillingness on the part of hotel proprietors to receive a woman traveling alone.

One of the most flagrant instances of this sort was the case of the wife of an army officer, whose husband had arranged to come from Washington to New York to meet her at the railway station on her arrival from New England, where she had been staying for a short time. It was in the winter, and a

sudden and heavy snow-storm detained, not only her own, but her husband's train. When she arrived in New York city, many hours behind time, it was nearly twelve o'clock. The storm was still raging; not a hack was to be seen. She could not get any one to take her baggage, and was at first in dismay. At last she hired an Irishman, at a large price, to go with her to a hotel, and they waded through the snow to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the clerk refused to admit the unfortunate woman. She went on foot, for there was no conveyance to be found, to the Albemarle, St. James, Hoffman—in fact to all the hotels in the vicinity, applying for shelter, with the same result, and the addition of insult. At last she returned to the Fifth Avenue weary, cold, and nearly exhausted, and said to the clerk: "Though you refused me a room, you did not insult me. I can find no shelter. I shall perish if I wander round the streets in this storm. Let me at least sit upon your staircase." Ashamed of himself, at last, the clerk gave her a room. But we think that lady will never forget her night's experience of how a woman is regarded in New York hotels unless accompanied by a male protector.

Another incident of a similar character was related to us by a well-known authoress and editress of a lady's magazine, of her reception at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia. By an accident her train was delayed, and she reached Philadelphia late at night. On entering the hotel, she was informed that they had not a room for her. It was late at night, and she was alone. What was she to do? Of course, the fiction of no rooms did not deceive her. She sent for the clerk, and explained to him who she was, and assured him that she had friends in town who would vouch for her identity in the morning, and if he had no room, she must sit in the parlor all night, for she could not go out into the streets. After some moments' hesitation, which seemed to her an eternity, the hotel Cerberus relaxed, and gave her a room. But one may imagine the emotions of a delicately organized and sensitive woman while awaiting his verdict.

But the last act of barbarity is the following, which we clip from an exchange:

"A respectable lady from Chester, Pa., visiting Philadelphia to do some trading, stopped at the Mount Vernon Hotel. She was *enceinte*, and over-exertion during the day brought on premature confinement. As soon as the landlord found what was the matter he drove her into the street, and she only found refuge in the station-house."

"The landlord should be murdered," is the comment of the New York *Democrat*, from which we clip this.

We are not prepared, however, to demand such a summary punishment; but we do ask that women traveling alone should not be considered disreputable until they are proved innocent, and still further, that hotels should open their doors as freely to women as to men. When a man is required to bring a certificate of moral character before admission to a hotel, then the same test may justly be applied to women, and not before.

But we all know that a drunken, miserable man can find shelter at any of our hotels; why should a quiet and decently behaved woman be turned into the streets?

It may be said that hotels will not receive men who have no baggage with them, as was the case with the wife of the army officer; but let them demand pay in advance. Any woman would gladly give that to insure herself a night's shelter.

Is it not a disgrace to our cities that women should receive such treatment in our public houses, which, as their name indicates, should be the homes for all travelers, without distinction of race or sex?

## *WOMAN'S WORK AND HER WAGES.*

Whatever may be the difference of opinion as regards the right of women to the ballot, the most of people are agreed on the point that women have a right to equal pay with men for the performance of an equal amount of work. There was a time when this just claim was not admitted, but that day is past; for instance, no one is heard now to argue, as in former times, that women teachers should be paid less than men because men have families to support, or because women can live on a smaller sum than men.

If a woman is as thoroughly trained and as competent a teacher as a man, no one thinks of disputing the justice of her receiving the same pay for her services. Not that she invariably gets this justice done her; in fact the rule is the other way, and the number of female teachers who receive the same pay for the same services as the men in the profession is disgracefully small.

But that the thing is acknowledged to be an injustice is one step gained.

In St. Louis the Board of Education have at least discussed the subject of equalizing the salaries of male and female teachers, though they failed to give the women the pay which many of the Board acknowledged was fairly their due.

To the honor of Brooklyn, it may be said, that the salaries of the teachers are graded by merit, and not by sex. In New York this is not yet the case; and in Jersey City the Board of Education which recently held its monthly meeting stated that the female teachers received an average salary of $49.79 per month, and the male principals an average salary of 161.37; and yet women are universally conceded to be the best of teachers. They have a natural aptitude as instructors. Into their hands God and nature have put young children; and men are beginning to discover that it is wise to fall into the lines of this providential arrangement, and the work of education is much more generally put into the hands of women at the present time than ever before.

It is well that their fitness for this great work should be recognized; it would be better if it were also acknowledged that their services were entitled to a just compensation. But in too many instances, where a male and female teacher are employed in the same school, the woman does the lion's share of the work, and the man receives the lion's share of the pay.

In one town in New Hampshire there is a fine school where the male principal receives $1,200 per annum; his female assistant receives $300 per year, and yet she works an equal number of hours with her coadjutor. Still more, she is so faithful and interested an instructor, that she even gives extra time to some of her pupils who are ambitious to get on, or who need more help than she can give in school hours; and yet when she asked that a dollar a week might be added to her meagre salary she was refused!

This is only one instance of many which might be given of similar acts of injustice. Nor will such acts of injustice cease till women are placed on a political equality with men.

The offer of a salary to an educated gentleman teacher of the sum which a woman is expected to receive with thanks, would be regarded by him as an insult. People tell us that supply and demand regulate the prices of labor entirely, and that suffrage would change nothing in the matter of the pay of women. This is one of those plausible half-truths which deceive many. But disguise the unpalatable truth as we may, the fact remains that a disfranchised class in our country is considered an inferior one; and the subtle sense of inferiority creeps into every relation of society, to the injury of both the subject and the ruling classes.

So long as women are content with the position of inferiors, they will be treated as inferiors, whether it be in the house, in the church, in the fields of labor, or in the State.

## *A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.*

"George Rosevelt was charged with committing an assault on his wife, Rose Rosevelt, in a street car on Seventh street, while Mrs. R. was coming home from school, which she keeps in the northern part of the city. She also testified that she was afraid of her life from his hands. George asked to say a word, and said that he was a clerk in the Pension Office, and that he admitted having cursed his wife on the street, but denied having hit her, and put all the blame on his wife. He was fined $25 and costs, or, in default, thirty days in jail, and he was also required to give bonds in the sum of $200 to keep the peace for the term of six calendar months."

We clip the above from a Washington paper, as a striking illustration of the manner crimes and misdemeanors are rated in Washington. If the privilege of bestowing a sound beating on his wife, the partner of his bosom, costs a clerk at the Pension Office only twenty-five dollars, probably he could commute with justice at the Capital for a first-class murder on very easy terms, say five hundred dollars. The Daniel of the Washington law courts has done well to bind over this wife-beater to keep the peace for the term of six calendar months, as it will give Mrs. Rosevelt an opportunity to recover from her injuries, in time for Mr. R. to renew his manly practice at the expiration of his sentence.

THE COMING WOMAN.—Horace Greeley asks thus:

"Will the coming woman pull teeth?" To which the bald-headed Benedict of the *Indianapolis Mirror*—doubtless speaking from sad experience—responds: 'Our limited prophetic knowledge prevents us from answering Horace; but, if the present is a truthful criterion for the future, we can safely assert that the coming woman will pull hair.'"

In answer to Mr. Greeley, we only wish to say that the coming woman—if the woman of the present does not accomplish the work—certainly can, and will, pull out the teeth of the opposition to the movement for her sex, and will pare the claws also, if need be.

The editor of the *Mirror* has had a melancholy time of it. The women of his district must be unusually eager to get at the polls.

In Sangamon county, Ill., there resides a young girl, only 17 years of age, who, by her own labors on a farm of twenty acres, has, for the last four years, supported a blind mother and six young children. Her crops this year will net over $600, and she has only paid $20 for help since the farming season began.

## SOCIAL SACRAMENTS.

The *Tribune*, in an article on social influences, which are so largely controlled by women, touches upon certain diseases and abnormal phases of life in cities. It refers to Margaret Waters, the baby farmer; the Mordaunt divorce suit, and the female Thug doctors in New York, who outrage the moral sense of the community by flaunting their unrighteous gains in the eyes of the public. These things, the *Tribune* says, are under the control of women; they are her public expression of certain ideas—the garb she chooses for hospitality, love, friendship, marriage:

"The view, mean or pure, in which these things are held by the fashionable women in cities is imitated by the next in order, and so down to the very dregs. We believe that even the most fashionable woman has in herself the purifying element. It is right that the social sacraments meant for the cure of vice should be left to her keeping."

These are somewhat singular expressions on the part of the *Tribune*, and we cannot help pausing over them in doubt as to just how much or how little they may mean. After proving that the "most fashionable woman" has been terribly delinquent in regard to her highest duties, by her selfish love of ease, her desire for unwholesome excitements, mutilating the maternal instincts, and creating a class of criminal doctors, from the very name of whom a pure mind turns shudderingly away; by her love of morbid sensations, cheapening the most sacred sentiments; by her reckless extravagance in dwellings, equipages, and dress, creating Magdalens and outcasts upon our streets; after admitting all this, then to announce that it is right that the social sacraments meant for the cure of vice should be left in her keeping fills us with wonder.

If the *Tribune* had said that the social sacraments must of necessity be left in the keeping of this most unworthy high priestess of customs, manners and fashions until women are educated to think for themselves—to judge individually of what is right and proper for their own bodies and souls—and, being strengthened through the whole range of the nature, gain force to follow religiously that sense of right and propriety, we should have been prepared for the statement. But it is altogether too much for our patience to listen calmly to a catalogue of sins, corruptions, follies and weaknesses in which "the most fashionable woman" indulges, leading thereby millions of others astray, and then to be told "it is right that the social sacraments meant for the cure of vice should be left to her keeping." As well might the *Tribune* say, after enumerating the terrible evils under which our ring-ridden city groans, it is right that the political interests of New York be left in the hands of Tammany. We would ask, in the words of the rebuke which Christ once delivered, How can Beelzebub cast out Beelzebub? No; if the most fashionable woman ever becomes the righteous ministrant of the social sacraments, she must be born again—going down to the pool when the angel troubles the waters, and being so washed that no mark of defilement remains.

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The Champion Broiler has been on exhibition at the American Institute Fair, where it has attracted much attention. It needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

## STUFF.

"After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, and in the beauty of a Lady Dumbelle, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an air of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes."

We have seen charming little figures and piquant little faces that were merely the deceptive envelopes for cat-like instincts, intense selfishness, mulish obstinacy, and entire unconsciousness of the rights and feelings of others. These trifling characteristics are excellent remedies for the ills, worries, vexations and disappointments of existence.

Any man who contemplates taking unto himself a Lady Dumbelle in order that her stupidity may infuse an air of repose, and mould his social converse and habits, had better think twice before he commits himself. There is much more that suggests moulding about a revolving wax-figure in one of our shop windows, and doubtless such an effigy could be procured at a far cheaper rate than the veritable article which is apt to be expensive if it is dull.

It strikes us that the above method of valuation would apply equally as well to men as women. Imagine a passage like the following to be met within the pages of a fashionable novel: After all, Augustus Adolphus' charming side-whiskers, and piquant manner of parting his back hair, are the best remedies for half the ills of existence. Even in the larger types of manly grace, the beauty of a Lord Heavy-fellow, there may be a tinge of stupidity, especially when he is snoring on the sofa during the evening hours, but there is, at any rate, an air of repose that moulds our social converse, etc., etc.

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## CHARLOTTE BRONTE ON MARRIAGE.

In Charlotte Bronte's recently published letters, she thus expresses her views regarding marriage: "Do not be over-persuaded to marry a man you can never respect—I do not say *love*; because, I think, if you can respect a person before marriage, moderate love, at least, will come after; and, as to intense passion, I am convinced that is no desirable feeling. In the first place, it seldom or never meets with a requital; and, in the second place, if it did, the feeling would be only temporary; it would last the honeymoon, and then, perhaps, give place to disgust. Certainly, this would be the case on the man's part; and on the woman's—God help her, if she is left to love passionately and alone."

The above paragraph, which doubtless expresses Charlotte Bronte's actual views on love and marriage, only demonstrates the fact that genius frequently has a creed of its own which is quite opposed to the heart-cherished sentiments of its possessor. Who could have expected such cool, calm, calculating sentences from the writer, of all others, who has thrown the most intense glow of passion over her works?

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## FOR AND AGAINST.

The woman's rights movement has degenerated into a crusade against marriage.—*N. Y. Observer.*

When the reverend editor wrote the above, he knew he was penning a deliberate lie. Such piety we don't take any stock in.—*Wakoa Standard.*

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The Ohio Woman Suffrage Association will hold its annual meeting in Columbus on the 15th and 16th of November.

## ANNA DICKINSON'S WILLIAMSBURG LECTURE.

An admirer of Miss Dickinson gives the following sketch of her lecture recently delivered at the New England Church:

"We fear the audience who assembled to hear Miss Dickinson on 'Joan of Arc,' was sadly disappointed. It is so strange, in this age of pandering, to listen to honest outspoken sentiments. They wondered that a girl would dare to give credit to that heroine of the past; that she would, in the face of *their* prejudices, speak justly of the 'good priest;' utter the word 'confession' without a sneer, give the record of Joan's life without the *rant* of modern civilization.

"God be thanked for Anna Dickinson! God speed her on her career, and keep her ever as untrammeled, as true to her sense of justice; and from her may mothers learn to be sensible, learn to believe that their children can have souls and minds, and are not mere animals to be fed, clothed and decorated for the sacrifice! Anna Dickinson is a genius, but she has not unsexed herself. She has exercised woman's right to do what she has the power to do well.

"She commenced her lecture by giving an account of the early life of her heroine. She told of the gentle, pious life of the girl, its womanly attributes, her strict observance of her faith, her visions, her aspirations, her struggles, and her death.

"Miss Dickinson contended that the visions were internal, not external; that they were the dawnings of the bursting soul as it felt its duty; that the genius that had lain dormant was enkindled; that it was the power of the woman within herself that gained the victory."

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The *Tribune* informs us that

"'The Democrats' of Delaware County, Iowa, recently approached Mrs. Esther Clark with their most fascinating smiles, and offered her their nomination for school superintendent. They overrated, however, their blandishments; for Mrs. Clark, being the widow of a Union soldier who fell during the rebellion, had a lively recollection of the sharp and savage things which the Copperheads used to say of our warriors. She, therefore, informed the gallant 'Democrats' that she did not want their nomination, and that if she concluded to go into the political business she would be found most decidedly on the other side. So these wooers left exceedingly discouraged."

This is a very pleasant little story as far as it goes; but we should like to hear the sequel. What did the well-beloved Republicans do under the circumstances? Did they reciprocate Mrs. Clark's feelings?—or was she, like the Republican women of Massachusetts, another victim of unrequited affection?

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"At the recent territorial election in Wyoming, the female voters changed the last Democratic majority of 1,400 to a Republican majority of 2,000; and this, notwithstanding they were indebted to the Democrats for the privilege of voting. But the women choose to vote for temperate and intelligent men, rather than to gratify party favoritism."

In return for this, the Republican State Convention in Iowa have resolved that it is not expedient to put woman's suffrage into their platform, and the Republicans of Massachusetts, at their late State Convention, agreed with their brethren. The Eastern and Western Republicans are of one accord in giving to woman suffrage the cold shoulder.

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One of the lions of New York is Crittenton's immense medicine warehouse, No. 7 Sixth Avenue; and this "lion" establishment has its lion preparation—*Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*—for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza, and bronchitis. No medicinal agent introduced during the present century has created a more profound sensation among all classes of the community than this absolute specific for all ordinary affections of the organs of respiration. Sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents and $1. Great saving to purchase large size.

## MAN AND WOMAN.

The following passage is from Henry's Commentary on the Bible:

"Adam was first formed, then Eve; she was made of the man and for the man, all of which are urged as reasons of humility, modesty, silence and submissiveness of that sex in general, and particularly the subjection and reverence which wives owe to their husbands. Yet man, being made last of the creation, as the best and most excellent of all, Eve being made AFTER Adam, and OUT of him, puts an honor upon that sex, as the glory of the man. If man is the head, SHE is the crown; a crown to her husband, the crown of the invisible creation. The man was dust refined, the woman was dust doubly refined, one further remove from the earth.

"Woman was MADE OF A RIB OUT OF THE SIDE OF ADAM; not made out of his head to top him; nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected, and near him to be loved."

The above, though highly imaginative, is to a considerable extent true. The good orthodox commentator has unconsciously, perhaps to himself, treated the Bible legend as a myth, with a core of deep significance.

We have always rebelled somewhat against the rib theory; but if it simply means that woman is equal to man, if not a little superior, we are willing to accept it with gratitude.

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Mrs. Joseph Ames, the sculptress, who modeled the excellent bust of President Lincoln, which is now in the State House at Boston, proposes, during the coming season, to enter the lecture-field, and to discourse on the subject of "Women who Work *vs.* Women who Talk." She was the companion of Margaret Fuller during the Italian troubles of '47, and throughout our own civil war she was a leader in most of the benevolent schemes then set on foot for the relief of our wounded soldiers. In the hospitals, her frequent visits were welcomed by the sick and dying. Daily she ministered to the sufferers. She has been a worker in the true sense of the word, and few women of to-day can lay so true a claim as she to that distinguished title.

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The Terre Haute *Saturday Evening Mail* has the following item on the woman movement, which comes with many other cheering evidences of the fact, that the mighty West is waking up to the importance of this great reform:

"The slow coaches of this good year, eighteen hundred and seventy, laugh at the movement. In days long past men of the same calibre sneered at the steam-engine, and hooted at electric discoveries. Later they denounced emancipation and the enfranchisement of the blacks. When, at no distant day, female suffrage has been established, they will look on in silent wonderment to think that the social fabric is not torn and sundered, and the political situation contaminated by the influence of woman at the ballot-box."

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The last number of the *Friend of India* says that Keshub Chunder Sen's brother was among the most active of those who tried to prevent the converted widow, whose case has lately occupied the Indian courts, from openly avowing her Christianity and choosing her own residence. It adds:

"A lady had for a long time managed a school in Keshub Sen's house; of course, all along giving scriptural instruction. No sooner was Gonesh's case given against them than Keshub's brother wrote to the lady, telling her that unless she promised to discontinue scriptural teaching in the school it must be closed. Thus the Brahmist brother was tabooing the Bible in Calcutta about the same time that the Brahmist reformer in London was declaring: 'My friends, give us the Bible; let us study the Bible; India cannot do without the Bible.'"

## FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

Stephania Felicity Garlis, Countess of Garlis, whose maiden name was Ducrest de S'Aubin, was born in 1746, near Anteno, in Bergundy. Though of a good family, she had no fortune; but her beauty, her accomplishments, and particularly, her skill on the harp, introduced her into high circles, from which she derived pecuniary resources. Many offers of marriage were made to her, but she accepted the hand of the Count de Garlis, who had become enamored of her in consequence of reading one of her letters. By this union she became allied to Madame Montesson, who was privately married to the Duke of Orleans; this led to her being chosen by the Duke of Chartres as the governess of his children. She now appeared as an author, and produced, in rapid succession, Adela and Theodore, The Evenings of the Castle, The Theatre of Education, and Annals of Virtue, all of which were highly popular. Though she was a warm friend to the revolution, her connection with the Duke of Orleans rendered her obnoxious to the prevailing faction, and in 1793 she was compelled to quit France. After having resided in Switzerland, at Altona, at Hamburgh, and in Holstein, she was allowed by the first Consul to return to her native country. During her absence from France she wrote, besides some minor pieces, The Knights of the Swan, The Little Emigrants, The Rival Mothers, and Rash Vows. Napoleon gave her a pension and apartments in the Arsenal, and carried on a correspondence with her; but on the return of the Bourbons she declared against the Emperor. For the last thirty years her inexhaustible pen continued to pour forth a variety of works, of which space is here wanting to enumerate even the names. The whole of her literary progeny falls little short of a hundred volumes.

She died at Paris, December 31st, 1830. Her productions are characterized by fertility of imagination and purity of style.

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## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The first annual meeting of the AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION will be held in Cleveland on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 22nd and 23rd, beginning at 11 A. M., and coutinued throughout both days and evenings.

The State Societies auxiliary to the American Woman Suffrage Association are hereby invited to send delegates not exceeding in number the congressional representation of their respective States. In States where no auxiliary State Society exists, all members of the Association are invited to meet in their respective localities, and to appoint delegates as above.

In view of the rapid growth of the Woman Suffrage movement during the past year, and the important business to be transacted by the Association, a full attendance of delegates is earnestly requested.

By order of the Executive Committee, October 24th, 1870.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, Pres't.
LUCY STONE, Chairm'n Ex. Com.

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The Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association will hold its annual meeting in Philadelphia on the 8th and 9th of November.

## A TRUE MARRIAGE.

I believe there are few thoughtful men who have not come to regard as one of the least explicable among the great riddles of the earthly economy the rarity of well assorted marriages. It might be so different, one cannot help thinking. The adaptations for harmony are so wonderful! The elements of happiness so manifold and so rich! Yet how often, how miserably sometimes, it all miscarries! The waters of Paradise turned to fountains of bitterness; the gifts of Heaven perverted to the curses on earth.

I do not mean there are few unions yielding reasonable comfort, friendly relations, a life free from open quarrel or secret heart-burning; but I speak of every marriage without flaw or jar, a mating alike of the material with its intangible affinities and its wondrous magnetisms, and of the immaterial principle within that survives the death change. I speak of a heart home pervaded by harmony, not only unbroken, but immutable as the spheres; felt to be so by those whom it blesses, calms, and satisfies; a social state to which, when man and woman attain, there remains nothing in the way of earthly need or acquisition, save daily bread to be coveted or prayed for.

Some think that in this trial phase of our existence no such state of harmony and happiness is to be found. Among the few who do find it, none of these skeptics will have place. There is no entrance into that temple except for those who believe!

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## "THEY SAY."

"But dark as the above picture is drawn, it is nothing to that which frequently darkens the fair fame of many a woman who would part with her life sooner than that a word of reproach should fall upon her fame, and I believe that there are many who go down to the grave, "to the sleep that knows no waking," who were sent there, not from diseases which medical skill mihgt have saved, but from the poison administered by the 'They say So's' of society."—JERUSHA SQUEERS.

The above paragraph, from an article in one of our exchanges, is undeniably true. Women have, through all ages, suffered from a social persecution to which the inquisition seems tame. They have been stabbed in every fibre by that merciless spirit which Mrs. Browning compares to the finest needles that pierce under the eyelids and penetrate the most exquisite intricacies of the quivering flesh. It is this spirit which women themselves must trample to death.

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THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION OF AMERICA.—We have received an appeal from the above-named society, which is officered by Alfred H. Love, Lucretia Mott, Aaron M. Powell, and other well-known philanthropists, with a request that we publish it in full. The document being too long for our limited space, we can only say that we sympathize heartily with the aims and objects of the society, feeling, when we view the appalling condition of things in France, that the demands for such beneficent efforts were never so urgent as at the present moment.

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A MODERN JOAN OF ARC.—A dispatch from Tours announces that a young girl of that city is creating the most intense excitement by imitating the example of Joan of Art. Hundreds of enthusiastic persons have joined her standard. Her appeals for recruits are said to be singularly patriotic and eloquent.

"Oh, Freedom! thou art not as poets deem
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are *strong with struggling!*"

# Extracts.

## LABOR.

"I honor labor; I believe in labor. My father was a workingman, and I am a workingwoman, both theoretically and practically. Few who have any taste for literature have done so much of the manual labor of the world as I have done, and still do. But I am opposed to the 'eight-hour law.' * * * I dislike all monopolies; and a monopoly of labor seems to me as wrong, in spirit and principle, as a monopoly of grain or fruit. For men to combine together to fix by a forcing process the price of the article in which they deal is monopoly, and nothing else. If men buy up all the oranges, and let them decay by the bushel, rather than to sell them under the exorbitant price they have established for their own emolument, they are monopolists, and enemies of fair trade; and if workmen combine together to prevent people from obtaining shoes, or cloth, or houses, or railroads, at any price except the one they agree to establish, they act in the very same spirit of monopoly of which they so justly complain in capitalists. In the one case, oranges, which are needed, are left to rot; and in the other case, laborers, who are needed, are left to starve, unless supported in idleness by those who hinder them from working. The spirit of the thing is bad, and the principle of it is wrong, whatever form it may take. * * The attempts to prevent men who want to work from working in any part of the world where labor is needed seem to me contemptible in spirit and shallow in policy. It seems to me that justice, kindness, and enlightened self-interest all require us to welcome John Chinaman to our shores. He is a patient, steady, industrious brother of the human family. There is not room enough for him at home, and we have more room than we need. We can do good to him, and he can do good to us. As for his degrading the position of workingmen, because he can live on a rat a day, and charge for his labor accordingly, any evil of that sort, if it existed at all, would be of very transient duration. They would soon get bravely over all that. The Irish considered themselves lucky if they could obtain a good meal of potatoes every day in their native land; but they had not been in this country long before roasted turkey and plum-pudding took the place of potatoes, and at the present time whoever would secure their services must keep a luxurious table. Tea four times a day was the last requisition made upon me when I employed an Irish woman to do a job at a price which would enable her to board at hotels."—*Lydia Maria Child.*

## THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE QUESTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The State Central Committee of the Woman Suffrage party has issued a circular giving the result of late endeavors. We clip the following:

The political situation is, therefore, briefly as follows: There are four parties in the field. None advocates and none opposes woman suffrage. Your committee have also addressed letters of inquiry to every candidate on the State ticket. The replies will be published in *The Woman's Journal*. Up to the present time we have received replies as follows:

*Republicans.*—The Hon. Wm. Claflin and the Hon. Oliver Warner have replied unequivocally in favor of woman suffrage. Messrs. Allen and Endicott have given a qualified expression of approval. Messrs. Tucker and Adams have not yet replied.

*Democrats.*—The Hon. John Q Adams and W. W. Warren have replied, referring us to the resolution of the Democratic Convention. No others have yet replied. We have verbal assurances, however, that Messrs. Chattaway and Heywood are in favor of woman suffrage.

*Prohibitionists.*—The position of Wendell Phillips is well known. His thirty years record in our favor is a sufficient answer to any interrogations. The Hon. Eliphalet Trask, the Hon. Whiting Griswold, the Hon. John I. Baker, and the Hon. Lyman W. Daggett, have replied in favor of woman suffrage. George S. Ball has not yet replied.

*Labor Reformers.*—Wendell Phillips is in our favor. James Chattaway is in our favor. Charles Cowley and Stillman B. Pratt have replied in favor. Messrs. Stoddard and Peabody have not yet replied.

Thus it appears that while a majority of all the candidates upon the different State tickets have declared themselves in our favor, not a single candidate has yet replied in direct opposition to woman suffrage.

Our friends can make up from the various tickets already in the field a complete list of candidates favorable to our cause. Messrs. Claflin and Phillips, who head three of the four tickets, are both pronounced Woman Suffragists. And, inasmuch as a majority of the men who are our earnest friends (and who alone are qualified voters) are already members of the four existing parties, we deem it unnecessary at this time to make independent nominations.

We advise the friends of woman suffrage to vote according to their political and personal preferences for such candidates only as have publicly espoused our cause. Scratch remorselessly from your tickets every hostile or doubtful name, and substitute the name of a known friend in its stead.

Above all, attend the primary meetings in your senatorial and representative districts. Oppose the nomination and election of every opponent of woman suffrage. Secure the nomination and election of members of the Legislature who will vote next winter for the enfranchisement of the women of Massachusetts, and the establishment of a republican form of government in the old Bay State.

## WHAT ONE WOMAN IS DOING.

It is with sincere pleasure that we present to our readers the following account of what Miss Chaddock is doing to improve the taste and culture, the hearts and minds, of the young people of the thriving little western city of Dubuque. We wish other women longing for a vocation, in places where life and thought stagnate, would take a hint from Miss Chaddock, and use their efforts in setting similar enterprizes on foot. One of the greatest, if not the greatest, demand of our time is for a better, broader, more catholic culture in small places one side of the great central currents of progress; and women, by means of leisure and improved opportunities for reading, are admirably calculated to meet and satisfy the demand:

The question as to what women can do is best answered by showing what they have done. Dubuque, Iowa, is an enterprising city of 20,000 inhabitants, with perhaps a larger proportion of intelligent and thoughtful people than most western cities. Some years ago a library was started in a lawyer's office in this town. It was a small affair, not much used, and of no great account any way. But it met a want, found friends, and grew. Presently it was put into a couple of large quiet rooms, and placed in charge of Miss Martha Chaddock, a young woman of singular tact, intelligence and energy, who devotes herself to its interests, and with remarkable success. It now numbers about 8,000 volumes of well selected books, has some thirty or forty magazines on its reading-tables, and a few of the best papers on its rack. It is the popular institution of the city, is visited by hundreds every week, is the rendezvous of the most intelligent and cultivated people in the afternoon, and its reading-room is constantly occupied by readers of both sexes and all ages. There may be seen a dozen boys and girls quietly reading side by side, and generally books selected by the discriminating librarian. A boy brings in a book for exchange, and Miss Chaddock is overheard saying: "You have read fiction enough for the present, John; here is a book about birds, that will interest you, and I want you to take this this time." It is impossible for John to say "no" to anything that sweet, kind, motherly woman asks; and he devours the birds, feathers and all. Young ladies are constantly invited to read the best books, and to talk about their contents, until they are rather ashamed to take even the best novels all the time. Professional men go to the librarian for the facts that bear directly on the case they have in hand; and she refers them to the volume, if not to the chapter and page, where they may find what they want. And so, in the quietest manner, without a particle of noise or ostentation, this young woman is using these volumes as a means of culture, refinement, and virtue, and making what is generally allowed to be a mere pool of stagnant literary entertainment a fountain-spring of the best intellectual and moral influence, And this library has been made what it is through the tact and energy of its keeper. It is a great thing for a woman to order her home and train her children well, and help her husband in heart and life; but it is a nobler thing for a woman who has neither home, nor children, nor husband, to turn away from the glitter and fascinations of fashionable society, and devote herself to a worthy object, and so live herself into the hearts and lives of hundreds. And among the things that intelligent and accomplished women can do better than most men is taking charge of a library.—*Exchange.*

## PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

The subjoined article is from the pen of a woman who signs herself Zantippe. We always believed that something might be said in favor of Zantippe of old. Doubtless, Mr. Socrates, who would insist upon sitting barefooted in public places, while the cupboard at home remained empty, gave the temper of his poor wife many a severe trial. The modern Zantippe needs no defender. She speaks of what she knows, and testifies of what she understands:

"Who spends his evenings in moonlight promenades whispering soft nothings to one girl one moment, and repeating the identical dose to another the next, and so on through a score or more, with an air that plainly says to each, 'You are the only lady whom I have ever thus *honored?*' Who is it that after courting twenty, finally marries one because he must have somebody to sew on shirt-buttons, darn stockings, make and mend, wash and iron, cook and bake, nurse and physic, sweep and dust for him, and all for the magnificent compensation of being supported. And now talk of feminine extravagance. Who is it spends a small fortune in wines, cigars and tobacco, betting on the horse-races, the prize-fights, and the coming election, and talks of retrenchment in the household expenses, while his wife dyes her last winter's dress, turns it upside down and inside out to see if it won't last another season, wears a bonnet decidedly home-made, and takes the money given her for a new one to provide shoes and stockings for the little ones.

"Who is it comes home about twelve, one or two, as the case may be, his breath redolent of the delightful combination of lager and cigars, tries to unlock the door with his watch-key, failing in this sits down upon the step, and when interrogated by his wife from the window above as to why he remains there, says he's 'waiting for the pavement to settle!' Who is it marries his second wife before the grass has grown over the grave of his first, giving as an excuse for his haste, 'She won't be any deader in three years than she is in three months!' and so, as Fanny Fern says, 'dresses' his second with what his first saved, and takes the portrait of No. 1 for a fire-board! But some one says, 'All men do not answer this description.' Well! and do all women resemble the creatures you are forever representing them? Is the picture I have drawn any more unlike the original than the one you have held up to our view? Or have you any greater right to preach to us than we to you?

"Let man always be just to his fellow-man, always generous to his enemies, true to his friends, unassuming in his pretensions, and consistent in his practices; let him learn that we do not wish to be adored as angels, but simply respected as women. In short, ye lords of creation, first learn wherein your duties lie, and perform them faithfully—then, and not till then, presume to tell us what women ought to be!

The *Christian Union* says: "Miss Helen Taylor, whose preparation for publication of Buckle's posthumous works we lately mentioned, is the daughter, by a former marriage, of the late Mrs. John Stuart Mill. Miss Taylor, who has written much, but anonymously or for periodicals, recently made her appearance in a speech in behalf of woman's rights, a subject on which she shares her step-father's views. It is understood that in her important literary task she has the benefit of his advice and supervision.

Miss Susan B. Anthony lectured in Belmont, N. Y., November 1st, and in Alfred November 2nd, to large and interested audiences.

## *ENGLISH VOICES*

### EXPRESSING SYMPATHY WITH THE AMERICAN AGITATION FOR WOMAN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT.

We have the pleasure of laying before our readers a number of letters from prominent English advocates of woman's suffrage, written in view of the recent celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the first national woman's rights convention in America:

### FROM FRANCES POWER COBBE.

26 Hereford Square, London.

*Dear Madam:* I received your kind letter some weeks ago, and beg to apologize for the delay of this reply. Pray accept my thanks for your kind expressions regarding my small efforts to keep alive the great cause we have all so near at heart. I regret to hear that one who, like yourself, has been a pioneer on the way when the path was of the ruggedest, should for many years have been incapacitated from aiding its progress. May you now be restored fully to activity. We certainly want all true workers, albeit the progress of the cause surpasses our most sanguine expectations, as well as that on this side of the Atlantic.

Pray accept my thanks for your kind invitation to your convention. It will not, I think, ever be likely that I shall visit America, but I always read with deep interest of all that goes forward there.

Accept, dear madam, my thanks, for your kindness and sincere regard. Frances Power Cobbe.

### FROM MRS. KINGSLEY.

Morningside, Edinburgh,
Sept. 24th, 1870.

*Madam:* I regret that I am unable to accept the invitation with which you have honored me, but I have been an invalid for some months, and am not sufficiently well to undertake any journey.

I can assure you that the cause of women is gradually but firmly gaining ground in Scotland, and that each month we are gaining in the right direction. At present there are no female medical students studying in our university. The College of Surgeons has thrown its doors open, without any restriction, to the female student.

The Merchants' Maiden Company has, within the few last months, opened large schools in connection with its hospitals, offering as prizes Bursaries in the university to girls as well as boys, which I think is one of the strongest moves which as yet has been made in behalf of women.

The petition in favor of the medical education of women was largely signed in Scotland. The Society for the Higher Education of Women is progressing well, and the professors spoke highly of the efficiency of their working pupils.

In the university classes of botany and natural history all the female students were in the honor list, and Miss Edith Pechey was the first chemistry student of the year.

With best wishes, and thanks to you and your committee for your kind invitation, I am truly yours,

S. M. K. Kingsley.

### FROM HON. JACOB BRIGHT.

Alderly Edge, near Manchester,
Sept. 26th, 1870.

*Madam:* I beg to thank you for the circular and your accompanying note, both inviting me to attend the twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of the woman suffrage movement in the United States, to be held in New York on the 20th and 21st of October. I have once traveled through your country with very much pleasure, and, I hope, with some profit, and I have a strong desire to come again; but as it is impossible for me to do so now, I cannot attend your meeting.

I need not say that I sympathize with your object. It seems to me to be inconsistent with the principles of your government, and of ours, to deny to women the power to control those who legislate for them. Until they obtain this control through the suffrage, they will suffer many disadvantages, and be the victims of unequal laws. How soon they will obtain it must depend mainly upon their own efforts. In the meantime the present agitation will give them an interest in many public questions, will in itself be an education in preparation for political power, and will exercise an influence in favor of more equal legislation between men and women. Very truly yours, Jacob Bright.

Mrs. P. W. Davis.

### FROM MRS. DR. TAYLOR.

Notting Hill, Aug. 10.

*Dear Madam:* I cordially thank you for your kind request that I should attend your convention in October. It is quite impossible for me to leave England now, but I am deputed by our London Committee for Women's Suffrage to express their sympathy with your movement, and the hope that the efforts you are making will be crowned with success, and that Mrs. Lucretia Mott will live to see the fruit of some of her good and noble work.

Believe me yours truly, M. Taylor.

### FROM LADY AMBERLEY.

Rodborough Manor, Stroud,
July 14, 1870.

*Dear Madam:* I thank you much for your invitation to attend your second decade meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association.

I regret that it will not be in my power to accept it. Much as I enjoyed my visit to America, it is rather too far to undertake a second journey there.

You must, indeed, be glad, after twenty years of work, to see the great advance in public opinion on this question. It seems now to be progressing very fast. I have just aided in establishing a committee at Stroud, and we hope soon to have one in every borough in England for female suffrage.

Yours truly, Kate Amberley.

Mrs. P. W. Davis.

## *WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN RHODE ISLAND.*

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association took place in Providence on the 26th of October. Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, the President, presided. The new Board of Officers elected during the progress of the meeting consists of the following persons:

President — Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace. Vice-Presidents—Col. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. C. C. Knowles, Mrs. Roland Hazard, Dr. Wm. F. Channing, Mrs. F. Howland, Mrs. Sarah A. Buffum. Executive Committee—Mrs. P. W. Davis, Miss Susan Sisson, Arnold B. Chace, Mrs. Mary E. Chace, Mrs. E. K. Churchill, Mrs. Louis J. Doyle, Mrs. Anna E. Aldrich, Mrs. Fannie Putnam, Mr. J. W. Stillman. Treasurer—Mrs. Susan K. Harris. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. P. A. F. Peckham. Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. B. P. Martin.

Mrs. Davis was chosen Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Sojourner Truth was present, and made one of her characteristic speeches, and the meeting was altogether one of marked interest.

Educated Woman Power.—Mr. Conway, in *Harper's Magazine*, says of John Stuart Mill:

"It was plain to me that Mr. Mill's hope for the future of society is primarily connected with his expectation of a fuller infusion of the feminine element into it; and that he thinks there is a growing perception that unmitigated male civilization is growing dreary and fruitless. It has done its stem-work, but the tree now requires something finer than tough fibre. Soldiering is no longer the chief end of man. We are all thinking of some new departure for society and what is left to be tried but the educated woman power."

A single trial of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething never yet failed to relieve the baby and overcome the prejudices of the mother. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It not only frees the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, corrects acidity, and cures dysentery and diarrhœa. Gives rest and health to the child, and comforts the mother.

A worldly dame in Wisconsin amused herself in church last Sunday by counting the various modes of doing up the hair, and found fifty-one, not counting three women in the poor seat, whom she mentions as no style.


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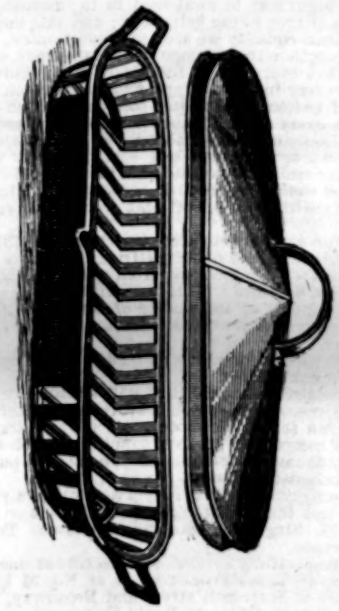

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF WOMAN.

EDITED BY

MRS. LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.


## *PROSPECTUS.*

THE REVOLUTION is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the State, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

Let every earnest woman who reads this Prospectus subscribe for this paper.

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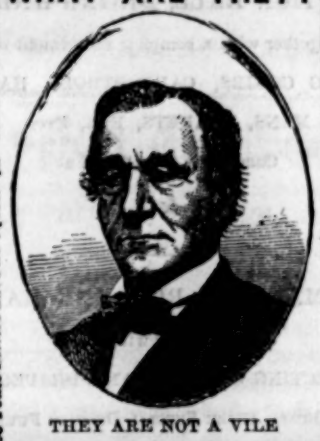

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